

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
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THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

WE hope that every one into whose hands this number of the "Dayspring" falls will read the carefully prepared account which it contains of the Children's Mission. This institution is admirably managed and doing a great amount of good. While it saves many children from lives of poverty, vice, and crime, it does a work almost — perhaps we ought to say quite — as important, by inducing children in more favored circumstances to aid it by systematic contributions, — thus helping to form in them the habit of interesting themselves in, and giving to, worthy objects. What its officers call for, and in a great measure rely on, is penny contributions made every Sunday by Sunday-school scholars. We are glad to say that, in their wise discrimination of the means by which the giver receives the greatest benefit, they invite the scholars to earn the pennies they contribute, not beg them.

We commend this charity to all connected with, or interested in, our Sunday schools, as an excellent means of educating children to engage in Christian work, — one of the ends at which every Sunday school should aim. A cent a week, for a succession of years, from all our Sunday-school scholars, would not only help the Children's Mission to carry on its good work, but do much to rear Christian workers and givers to sustain our churches and the host of institutions which must be supported by gifts of money, time, and effort.

Dews of the night are diamonds at morn; so the tears we weep here may be pearls in heaven.

As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies.

For The Dayspring.

A BAKER'S DOZEN OF HOMELY MAXIMS.

From the German of Rückert.

WINGS grow upon the ant, only to help him die;
And pride avails the base, only to perish by.

If there's no apple there, what is the use of shaking?
The sleeper may be roused: the dead there's no awaking.

Is't praise to say the sword is sharper than the spade?

The man whom you compare with coxcombs you degrade.

This is the way we do: our sugar has been stole;
And straight we go and put a lock upon the coal.

All armed with spear and shield, to sleep thou dost betake thee;
And fling'st them both away when enemies awake thee.

The little pepper-grain seems nothing in thy sight;
But try it once, and see how sharply it can bite!

No fire gets on where man and wife for ever pout:
Quick as one blows it up, the other blows it out.

The ninny a whole corn and half a one has got,
And each of them he boils in an especial pot.

Nine days a new thing lasts, and then is no more new;
The old, a hundred years, and has grown older, too.

Help others, would you help yourselves: so orders Heaven.

Only when side by side do one and one make eleven.

"Only three guests were bid, and thirteen crowd the hall."

Pour water in the soup, and bid them welcome, all.

A kick from a milch-cow one does not mind, if so
The pail of milk is not knocked over by the blow.

A captivating face is balm for ailing eyes,
When the good-looking one is *good* looking likewise.

The rose laughs in the dew, and thinks not of the tears

Of rose-water she'll shed when the hot sun appears.

C. T. B.

NEWPORT, R.I.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE FIGURES.

CHAPTER II.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.



OW I have neglected you, my poor "little figures!" But when one's days "glide swiftly by," without any thing particular to mark them, what *can* one do? I don't know that I should have thought of you to-day, even if it hadn't been my birthday. I am fifteen years old. Mother made me a present of a pretty portfolio, and Ruth and Marcia filled it. I found a five-dollar bill under my plate this morning at breakfast, which papa had slyly put there. Bertie gave me fifteen kisses.

Dear little Bertie! he seems to think of a birthday as if it were small-pox or measles. To-night, when I was putting him to bed, he threw his arms about my neck, and said, "You had the birt day, didn't you, Mattie?"

"Yes, Bertie."

"But you've got over it now."

"Got over it!" So I have. I have "got over" fifteen birthdays. I made as many as a dozen good resolutions this morning; but I'm not going to write them down. No, indeed. Any thing written down in black and white seems to stare you in the face so; but if you only *think* it, and it happens to slip out of your mind, it's gone, nobody knows where. I'm not so sure about that, though. One does *have* to remember some things.

The first living soul—or body—that I put my eyes on this morning was Maltie Renshaw,—Miss Janet's cat. Miss Janet has gone to Sandwich to spend the winter with her brother. He has invited her ever so many times; and she has refused, on account of her two pets, Maltie and Jack.

But this time "James was so set, that she was really afraid of making a break in the family if she held out." So she came to mother in great distress, and told her her trouble; at which Marcia, who happened to be in the room, jumped up in high glee.

"O Miss Janet, let me take them! They know me. I'll be *real* good to them."

Miss Janet looked at mother, and mother looked at Marcia.

"They are such dear little darlings,—so soft and puffy! And they always cuddle up to me so, I *know* they'd be contented."

"I have no objection," said mother; "but, if you undertake it, you must take care of them, Marcia."

"Of course I will."

"And see that Bertie doesn't hug them to death."

"O mother! He wouldn't; I *know* he wouldn't."

Miss Janet looked amused. "I have no fear of that," said she. "It will relieve me of a weight of anxiety if you will take them. Still, if you"—

"Oh, but we *do* want them!" cried Marcia. "It will be a real treat to us; won't it, mother?"

Mother was too honest to say "Yes," and too kind to say "No." She and Miss Janet looked at each other; then they both laughed.

"I see!" exclaimed Miss Janet. "It will be something of a trial; but you are willing to bear it. Who am I, that I should deprive you of the pleasure of doing good?"

So the pussies came. At first, they made frequent pilgrimages to their old home; and it must have been a sore affliction to their *catships* to find every thing so cold and dark and unfriendly. At any rate, they have not been unwilling to come back to our pleasant fire, and their nice saucer

of milk, which Marcia keeps on the kitchen hearth. Maltie seems to appreciate our caresses, and returns them in (her) kind; but Jack's dignity will allow of no response to such nonsense.

So it was Maltie, and not Jack, who came to wish me a "Happy New Year" upon my birthday.

"O Maltie!" said I, as I stroked her long, soft fur, "I am fifteen years old."

She winked and blinked, and then fixed her great green eyes upon me, as if she were listening.

"Fifteen years old," I repeated; "and there's going to be a better Matilda Woodbury this year than there was last."

Maltie lapped herself.

"Yes, Maltie, I'm going to keep my temper."

She stopped lapping, looked at me for a second, and then put her cold nose down to my face as if she were kissing me.

"Dear old Maltie! You're always good without trying. It's ever so much less trouble to be a cat."

She threw her head back, and sniffed, very much as if she were saying, "Don't know about that."

"But I do mean to keep my temper, Maltie."

She purred approvingly. We were having just the cosiest time together, when Marcia called out from her room, "Who are you talking to, Mat?"

"Oh, to a friend of yours."

"It's Maltie. Here, Malt, Malt, Malt!" And down jumped ungrateful puss, and off she ran to her favorite.

"You mean thing!" said I, crossly, to Marcia. "You never want anybody but yourself to enjoy that cat."

Marcia laughed.

"You don't," I persisted. "You're the most provoking" — and then suddenly

I remembered that I was fifteen years old.

"Keep your cat!" said I, a little more amiably. "And," I added to myself, "I'll keep my temper, *if I can*."

Such a little thing for a girl of *my age* to get provoked about! I was ashamed of myself.

Ruth seems to have taken upon herself Marcia's character lately. It is strange how we sometimes "step out of ourselves," as mother says. Sometimes it's a great trouble, sometimes a sudden joy, that brings us out. With Ruth, it was nothing but a "happen," a "circumstance;" and, having once stepped out of herself, it seemed as if she never could step in again.

She and Marcia went in town one day to match some worsted, and buy some little things for mother. Mother says she can trust Ruth's taste, but that Marcia's needs cultivation. Ruth never wants to take Marcia anywhere; says she has so many "oh's" and ah's," and is more trouble than a baby. It is just as if she were a poor little needle, and every store window a powerful magnet: she has to be fairly pulled away from them.

How Ruth *groaned* when she found that Marcia was really going! "She always behaves as if she'd never seen a thing before in her life," said she. "You'd think she came from the wilds of Arabia."

"That proves that I ought to go oftener; doesn't it, mother?" said Marcia. "If I were only used to the pretty things, they wouldn't burst upon me so, — like a clap of thunder."

Mother laughed.

"Just take me, *do* take me!" pleaded Marcia. "I'll behave so well that everybody'll be sure I came from Manhattan Street."

"Sew that button on your boot before you start," said mother.

"And do put a new elastic on your hat," spoke up Ruth, severely. "You'll lose it on Winter Street, if you're not careful."

It was Marcia's turn to groan now, for she hated to sew; but she was ready at last, and they started off. We watched them as they walked down the street together. Marcia is nearly half a head taller than Ruth, though she is two years younger. She goes along "like a grannydear," as Margaret says; while Ruth has a graceful, swaying gait, as one might imagine from her slight, trim figure. She is always pretty, while Marcia is changeable, — sometimes, really handsome; at others, positively ugly. Still, there is something noble about Marcia, even at her worst. You feel, somehow, that she would never do any thing small or mean. She *couldn't*. Miss Janet Renshaw once said to mother: "Ruth is a girl of interesting certainties; Marcia is a girl of splendid possibilities." I wonder if they'll ever be realized, — poor, blundering Marcia!

In about two hours, back they came. Marcia danced into the house like a wild Indian; her hair flying, and her face all in a glow of excitement.

"O mother!" she cried, "I never will take Ruth to Boston again as long as I live. What *do* you think has happened?"

"Now, Marcia, you just *stop*!" began Ruth.

"Oh, I can't, I can't! What *would* you say, mother, if you knew your properest daughter had" —

"Marcia!" burst out Ruth, again.

"I can't help it. It's too good to keep. If you don't tell it I must."

"I found a perfect match for your worsted at Whitney's, mother," said Ruth, demurely.

"Never mind the worsted! That'll keep, — but this — Oh, it was too funny, mother!"

"Tell away, then!" And Ruth sank back in the chair, and put her hands before her face.

"Well, we had bought all the things, and were coming along by White's. You can't think how well I'd been behaving, mother, — but those windows were too lovely! I couldn't help stopping, just *one* minute, to look at the neckties."

"Just forty, you mean," came from behind Ruth's hands.

"Just *one* minute, mother. Ruth kept pulling me along, and telling me I was blocking up the sidewalk; but I squeezed myself up, and took one or two more *squints*. I couldn't help it. When I turned round, she was nowhere to be seen; and I thought she'd gone off without me. Our car happened along just then, and I was thinking that I might as well get in, when I heard *such a screech*, — a real yell, mother, or you might call it a howl."

"Do stop your nonsense, Marsh," said Ruth. "If you can't tell a straight story, I'll tell it myself."

"Call it a howl, mother. It was like this." And Marcia illustrated by a prolonged "O-u-g-h!" which sent mother's fingers quickly to her ears.

"Of course, I rushed to see what was the matter; but, before I had found out, I heard the sweet voice of my sister Ruth: 'Give that cocoanut-cake back to him.' I was so surprised, mother, that I almost knocked a little woman down in my hurry to get to the fight."

"The *fight*!" repeated Ruth, indignantly.

"Well, whatever you call it, it looked like that. There was a great crowd 'round, at any rate; and I heard another voice say,

'I won't. 'Tain't his. I didn't take it. Ough! O-u-g-h!'

"'You *did*. I saw you. Give it back to him *this minute!*'"

"By this time I had elbowed my way through the crowd, and what *do* you think I saw, mother?"

"Don't keep us in suspense," said I.

"No, *pray* don't keep them in suspense," echoed Ruth. "Tell away."

"There was your very properest daughter, holding a great, dirty Irish boy by the arm as if she never meant to let him go."

"And I *didn't* mean to let him go," interrupted Ruth. "It was the meanest thing you ever saw, mother. A poor, shivering little fellow stood there, near the corner, with a tray of cocoanut-cakes. I pitied him, he looked so cold and sad and wistful. I was just going to buy one, when along comes this horrid boy. He looked at the tray a moment, and then put out his great, dirty hand, and snatched a cake. He knew the little boy couldn't leave his tray to run after him; and he only laughed when he called to him to put it back. I couldn't stand it. He happened to come my way, and I just—caught him."

"She 'nabbed him and she grabbed' him, as Jimmy Phelan says. How those brown-kid hands did hold on!"

"Of course he denied it all," Ruth went on; "but I had *seen* him. Then he set up that fearful howl. I wanted to drop him then; but I wouldn't."

"And my proper sister had *such* a crowd about her!"

"You were in it, just as much."

"And a policeman came up, and thanked her; and she said, 'Not at all,' just as if she'd been in the parlor at home." And Marcia threw herself back in her chair, and laughed.

"What if I did? I didn't know what I said. I saw, all at once, that everybody was looking at me; but when he asked my name, and if I was willing to testify in the police court, *then!*'"

"Then she said, 'Oh, no! I *thank* you, sir.'"

"You were willing enough," retorted Ruth. "It was too ridiculous, mother. Marcia stood there, her eyes as large as saucers; and, when I refused, she says, 'I will, sir. I think he's a *very wicked* boy, and I'd just as lief go to court and tell them so as not. I'd *like* to.'"

"That's *brave*," says the policeman, turning to her. "Then *you* saw the theft, too?"

"Oh, no! I didn't *see* the theft; but I heard the screaming. Isn't that enough?"

"Enough for *you*, but not quite enough for *me*.' You ought to have seen him laugh, mother."

We all laughed: it was so exactly like Marcia. But she didn't mind it a bit.

"How was the matter settled?" asked mother.

"Oh! the little fellow got his cake again; and everybody pitied him, so that he sold all the others while we stood there. We each bought one."

"Hope you didn't get the one the boy stole," said I.

"Oh, no! We looked out for that. But that boy is marked now. The policeman let him off this once,—for *my* sake, he said. If he ever does such a thing again, I hope I shan't be the detective, that's all."

"Just to think of my sister getting into a real street brawl!" laughed Marcia.

"O Ruth, Ruth, I never shall dare to take you to Boston again!"

Only a few days after this, Ruth broke three saucers and a cologne-stand, and came home from a walk with her best dress cov-

ered with paint. This last mishap was too much for her. She cried a little, whereat Marcia was much afflicted.

"Why can't you let *me* do those things, Ruthie? I thought I was the dreadful accident-maker of the family. There's no sense in having two."

"I'm sure I don't want to be the second," growled Ruth. "You're welcome to the situation for all me."

"I can fill it a great deal better than you can, and people always expect it of me," answered Marcia.

But it is getting late. I must say "good-night" to my "little figures." I wonder if any one ever wrote a journal, no matter how private, without a sort of feeling that he was writing to some one? Now, I should feel dreadfully if any one—except mother, of course—should get hold of these pages. Still, there is a sort of presence with me while I write,—an imaginary presence, kind, indulgent, and, above all, *interested*.

Good-night to you, dear friend, whoever and whatever you are. Without "you," I should never have the heart to put down another "figure." I shouldn't, indeed.

To be continued.

For The Dayspring.

ANECDOTE OF A SHEPHERD DOG.

A DROVER bought a flock of sheep, which he wanted to get home, a distance of thirty miles. He was at a loss how to do it; and their former owner offered the aid of his dog, telling the man he would only need to feed him after getting the sheep to his field, and tell him to go home.

But the drover proved dishonest and mean enough to return this kindness by attempting to steal the dog. He locked him up, intending to take him with him when he should leave the country, as he expected to do.

The faithful collie would not be friendly with the man; but seemed dull and uneasy, and made several attempts to escape. One evening, to his great joy, he succeeded; and no doubt judging, from the drover's attempt to steal him, that he had stolen the sheep, he went to the field, collected those his master had sold, every one, and drove them all to their old home. The dog had been so long absent that his true owner had begun to feel very anxious. How glad he was to see him again, safe and well, may be easily imagined. Never again did drover get the loan of this trusty and loving collie.

M. J.

For The Dayspring.

SNOW.

SEE the snow,
Full of flakelets,—
How they go!
Dancing, prancing,
Here and there;
And alighting
Everywhere.
Now on bonnet,
Now on hat;
Now on this thing,
Then on that.
Racing, chasing,
Full of glee,
O'er the mountain,
On the sea.
Ah! how silent
Do they fall,
Hiding earth so
Like a pall!
Piling hillock,
Filling glen,
Leaves no shadow
Where it's been.
Every valley,
Shrub, and tree,
Is wrapped in its
Purity.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER.



THE PET LAMB.

HERE you see Nellie and Fannie Plummer playing with their pet lamb. She has not been brought up with other sheep, and by nursing her mother; but kept by herself in a little pen in the barn, and fed on cows' milk, which she has learned to nurse from a bottle. Lambs raised in this way are called "cos-sets." They are very tame, and

very much attached to those who feed them and play with them. Nellie and Fannie love their lamb dearly, and take a great deal of pleasure with her. They call her "Nanny." She is as tame as a kitten. You see that she has allowed Nellie to put a ribbon around her neck for reins. She follows the children in their walks, and often goes into the house with them. When she is not watched, she follows Nellie to school, just as Mary's little lamb did, of which you must have heard. Nanny will

grow much larger, and have much longer wool; but she will then love Nellie and Fannie as much as she does now, and be as ready to follow them. When her wool becomes long, it will be sheared off. There will be a large roll of it called a fleece. She will be sheared early in summer, when she will be glad to lose her fleece; but, before the next winter, she will have enough more wool to keep her warm.

For The Dayspring.

GRACE'S STORY-BOOK.

LITTLE GRACE MAYO stood by the window, looking out into the street; but she did not see much to please or interest her. A drizzling rain was falling; the sidewalks were muddy; the trees had lost their leaves, and looked forlorn and cheerless; and scarcely a person passed by, either walking or riding. Poor Grace felt very lonely: mamma, who had been very sick, had gone to a warmer climate to spend the winter; brother Frank had accompanied her; papa was nearly all day in the city, a few miles away; Louisa was visiting some cousins, — and no one was at home but Katy in the kitchen, Grace herself, and her half-sister Agnes, who had been housekeeper ever since mamma was taken sick.

At last, Grace turned wearily from the window, and looked at Agnes, who was busily writing; then she came and stood beside her, watching the pen as it moved rapidly over the paper. Agnes was not at all disturbed by this, and did not even look up. Grace knew very well it was impolite to interrupt any one who was writing or reading, and stood silent a few minutes, hoping Agnes would speak; but, as no words came, she spoke herself.

"Are you writing another story, Sister Agnes?"

A nod of assent was the only answer.

"Will you read it to me when you have finished?"

"Perhaps so."

Then came another silence, broken by a long breath, like a sigh, from Grace.

"I wish I knew how to write stories, — or something," she said, plaintively.

Agnes glanced up from her writing, noticed the little wistful face, laid down

her pen, pushed aside her desk, and drew the child into her lap. Grace laid her head on her sister's shoulder, and drew another long breath; but this time it was one of content.

"So you'd like to write stories, Gracie? Do you know you are writing them every day, all the time?"

The little girl lifted up her head in surprise. "I! Why, Agnes, I can't write at all, — at least, not well, — and I'm only seven years old."

"You wrote stories long before you were seven, Gracie dear, only you did not know it; and you will keep on writing them as long as you live. We all do. Don't you know that God has given to each of us something that we call *Memory*, and so we talk of remembering things? Well, this memory is like a book in one respect: every thing we do or say or think, and a good many things that other people do and say, are set down there; and they *stay*, too. They are never really rubbed out. When you went to grandpa's house, last summer, you remember what a good time you had, and how much you told me about it when you came home? You were reading stories to me, then, out of your memory-book; and when grandpa told you what he did when he was a little boy, he was reading out of *his* memory-book. When Louisa comes home, Saturday, I dare say she will have stories for you about Flora and Lottie and Dick; and, when mamma and Frank return from Bermuda, think what a book full they will have! Do you understand it now, Gracie?"

"Yes; but — I should think there would be sad things and naughty things in the book, too. You said *every thing*, Agnes."

"Yes, darling," answered Agnes, gravely; "*every thing*. Every unkind word, every disobedient action, every careless thing we

do, is set down in the book, whether we wish it or not; and sometimes we have to read over to ourselves and to others things of which we are very much ashamed. But there is one comfort, little one. The sad things are not always so sad to look back upon; and, if we set down a wrong word or act, we can also write that we are sorry for it. I wonder what my little Grace has in her memory-book for to-day?"

Grace laughed merrily. "Such little bits of things, Agnes! Getting up and dressing; going to school this morning. I did have perfect lessons, and Miss Shorey said I behaved very well. And then coming home in the rain, and the frolic with kitty before dinner: and Lou's letter to read; and then,—perhaps I was a little cross a while ago, not very."

"Not cross at all, darling," said Agnes, smiling; "only tired and lonely, without your usual playmate. And now, if you can find something to do for half an hour, I shall have finished my writing, and shall be ready for a game of jackstraws; or, perhaps, I can turn over the leaves of my memory, and find something to amuse you."

"Oh, yes! and I'll sew on dolly's new dress, or find kitty,—she must have had enough nap by this time. But, Agnes," she added, as she slipped down from her sister's lap, "when papa read, this morning, from the New Testament, about the books being opened, did it mean such books,—the memory-books?"

"I don't know, dear; I suppose so. And it should make us very careful not to put any thing there we should not wish to read over again. But the trouble is," added Agnes to herself, as Grace left the room, "we do the wrong things first, and think afterward; at least, I do."

Grace was very happy the rest of that day; and, when her sister Louisa returned

on Saturday morning, she took an early opportunity to tell her about "those funny story-books."

Louisa was a merry little girl, three years older than Grace. She looked up roguishly, and said: "Dear me, Agnes! what made you tell us? One doesn't want to be for ever thinking whether a thing is right or not."

"Mamma would say, Lou dear, that there is no need, if only we keep the right spirit in the heart. You don't suppose *she* always stops to think. She just *does* the right thing."

"Oh, well! mamma is ever so much older than Gracie and I, and is almost perfect, besides," answered the laughing Louisa. "Come, Grace, and drive hoop; it is a splendid afternoon."

But both Louisa and Grace stopped themselves a good many times, when they were about to do or say something not quite right, lest the "memory-books" should have a page not pleasant to look back upon.

A. E. A.

To be a follower of Christ, is not to call ourselves by his name, or to assume the forms of his service, or to go into rhapsodies over his teachings. It is simply to follow him whithersoever he may lead us. It is not being thrilled by his word, but listening to it; it is not being moved by his truth, but obeying it; it is not admiring his life, but shaping ourselves to it.

WHEN we have practised good actions a while, they become easy; and when they become easy, we begin to take a pleasure in them; and when they please us, we do them frequently. Form, then, the habit of doing good.

FROM the lowest depths there is a path to the loftiest heights.

BILLY DUNCAN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHAPTER I.

BY REV. N. SEAVER, JR.

BILLY, or Coatsey, as his mates called him, was a newsboy in Boston, and a very small, homely, and dirty newsboy, too. He wore an old pair of trousers, that were so much too long that they were turned up several inches at the bottom; a flannel shirt, that never went to the laundry, but that was well covered by a man's vest; while the vest itself was completely hidden from sight by his only coat, — an overcoat which had once belonged to a big boy or young man. It was not a coat to be proud of; but 'twas comfortable in cold weather, and handy for keeping papers dry in wet weather, so it answered Billy's purposes very well. He was not a boy who cared much for looks; if he had cared, I think he would have washed his face and combed his hair at least once every day. And yet I do not much blame him because he sometimes neglected these important duties: it is dismal work, washing one's face at a hydrant, out of doors or in an old shed, without soap, and in midwinter. Nor will you blame Billy for thinking dirt more comfortable than ice-water, when I tell you Billy had no parents. Those he once had were worse than none; for they had turned him into the streets to shift for himself, when he was hardly more than a baby, and he had forgotten all about them. In some way, his little body and soul had been kept together, through much suffering and abuse; and now he had become a newsboy, earning just enough, by selling papers and running errands, or even by ways that were not strictly honest, to keep from starving or

freezing. But I insist we must not blame him too severely even for dishonesty. I only wonder that he was not as bad as bad could be, — poor little homeless creature, with no good friends to advise or help him! No, he was not altogether bad: in the rough school of neglect and hardship, he had, in ways which only the kind Father in heaven can understand, acquired some good qualities. He was grateful, obliging, and brave, and had a sense of honor. Without these virtues, I question if he could have fought his way, single-handed, into the jealous fraternity of newsboys; for, with all their faults, they despise meanness and ingratitude. They know their own temptations and trials, and will even overlook dishonesty in one who always deals fairly with his mates. Thus it happened that Billy could borrow a few coppers to start in business again when he had bad luck, and was also popular with the poor families in whose neighborhood he lived. He always did just as well as he knew how, which is more than many older and wiser folks do.

At the time of which I am writing, — that is to say, near Christmas, — he was rooming in the fourth story of a large tenement building, known as the "Barracons," with a man called "Old Josh." What his other name was nobody knew or cared to know. His general appearance was not ornamental, and his manner of living worse than his looks. He had evidently seen better days, and his way of speaking showed that he had once been a sailor; but now his only ambition was to get drunk as often as possible, and stay drunk as long as possible. Was he afraid of being sent to prison for his drunkenness? Not at all. He spent many a month in the House of Correction, or on Deer Island, and was so much more comfortable

there than in his lodgings that he rather enjoyed it; but he was no sooner released than he returned to his old ways. Fortunately, he was not noisy or quarrelsome, and did not trouble his neighbors. They had long since given up trying to persuade him to reform; and now, when they saw him going to his room with a jug, they said nothing. They were all poor or miserable themselves, and had enough anxiety and trouble of their own to bear.

You and I would hardly like such a roommate; but Billy was not particular. Old Josh charged no room rent, and never abused him. The boy was handy for small errands, especially when the jug needed filling; he never robbed his friends, whatever he might do among strangers when sorely tempted; and he could keep the fire going when Josh was too drunk to attend to such matters,—thus each was a help to the other. Such a shelter, poor as it was, was better than none in winter. But in summer even Billy could not endure it: he preferred sleeping under sheds, or in doorways and dry-goods' boxes, as many other newsboys do.

Can you wonder, then, that Billy was dirty, coarse, shabby, and not over-honest? There was nothing winning in his looks or in his general habits; but I imagine that God has a place and a use and a love for all such little waifs, and that he, in his infinite justice and pity, overlooked the many faults of Billy because the poor boy had no good example to copy from, and yet, as I have already said, did just as well as he knew how.

I told you it was near Christmas. In fact, it was just two evenings before Christmas; and a band of Sunday-school teachers and scholars had assembled in a cosy hall to make preparations for their annual festival. While one able-bodied committee

sawed, pounded, and joked at one end of the hall, the filling of candy-bags and the singing of carols proceeded at the other. At length every thing was ready: two shapely cedars stood at the edge of the platform as if they had grown there, and the carpet was littered with boughs and stumps which had been cut off.

"What shall we do with these branches, and with this old box?" asked one.

"Put them out in the street," was the reply; "they'll make a good fire for somebody." And into the street they went.

It so chanced that Billy was the "somebody." He had sold his papers, and was even then on the lookout for wood to take to his room; for he knew that it would be a bitter night, and that Old Josh had used up all the fuel. A few minutes later, and he had spied the box, passed one of the cedar twigs through a knot-hole so that it answered very well for a rope, and was on his way to the Barracoons with his prize.

Meanwhile the wind blew fiercely, and pelted him with sleet; but he buckled down to his work with his usual pluck and perseverance. It was indeed a blustering night. So thought officer Thatcher, who stopped for a moment in a doorway to catch breath and brush the icicles from his hair and beard, and while standing there beheld a singular phenomenon gradually becoming visible through the storm. It looked like a snail harnessed to a lobster-shell, or a small tug-boat towing the "Great Eastern" in a fog. He hailed it.

"Halloo! What have you got there?"

"Kindlin's!" answered the tug-boat, putting on an extra head of steam; for Billy had a newsboy's contempt for police officers, and was also a little afraid he might lose his prize.

"Where did you get it?" continued the

officer, lifting some of the branches, and finding nothing suspicious underneath.

"Main Street."

"Where are you going with it?"

"Home."

"Where's that?"

"Barracoons."

"Whose room?"

"Old Josh."

"Why can't he come and help you?"

"Drunk."

While these questions were being asked and answered, Billy never ceased for a moment to tug, lift, and push. He evidently had no time to waste in conversation. Thatcher continued to walk by his side for a moment or two, helped him over a huge drift, and then left him, saying, as he did so, "Now it's plainer sailing, youngster. Scud along; and, if any one troubles you, come for me."

The officer still had a faint suspicion that the box was stolen; but then he was a strong-bodied, warm-hearted man, and the ragged clothes and puny form of the child appealed to his sympathy, so he gave him the benefit of a doubt. "Heaven knows," he muttered, looking out into the pitiless storm, "that it will be hard enough this winter for the strongest, let alone such little chaps as that." True, true, O brave, worthy, and humble official! Would that you could have known that your kind words were sweeter than manna to that little starved heart! Such bread cast upon the waters may return after many days; for a gleam of the sunshine of human tenderness is often the beginning of a new spring-time for lives that are ice-bound.

To be continued.

He is the best gentleman that is the son of his own deserts, and not the degenerated heir of another's virtue.

For The Dayspring.

A BROWN STUDY.

Brown were her eyes, and brown was her hair,
And brown were her gloves, — such a dainty pair!
Then her dress was all of a russet shade,
And her jaunty hat of the same was made,
While upon it there waved a brown feather.
She played with the leaves that came fluttering
down, —

The bright autumn leaves, so golden and brown,
And she looked like a wren altogether.

I asked her her name. She looked very wise,
And, smiling at me with her sweet brown eyes,
She said, as she shook her bright chestnut curls:
"My name's Jennie Brown; I'm last of the girls,
But I'm bigger than Polly already.
Our Fred has painted a picture of me,
In this brown dress, — for he likes it, you see, —
And he calls it, he says, 'A Brown Study.'"

RIFFLE.

HUMOROUS.

"MA," said a thoughtful boy, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." — "Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" — "Why the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own."

A LITTLE boy entered a fish-market the other day, and, seeing for the first time a pile of lobsters lying on the counter, looked intently at them for some time, when he exclaimed: "By the gracious! them's the biggest grasshoppers I've ever seen!"

"I'd like you to help me a little," said a tramp, poking his head into a country shop.

"Why don't you help yourself?" returned the proprietor, angrily.

"Thank you, I will," said the tramp, as he picked up a bottle of pickles and two loaves of bread, and disappeared.



THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

THE picture at the top of this page is a view of the Home and Chapel of the CHILDREN'S MISSION TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DESTITUTE, which many of our readers have seen, more have heard of, and which we wish very much to have you all become well acquainted with. The reason why we desire to have you know all about it is, because it is *our children's* Mission; which means that it is a work which you children in our Sunday-schools, with the assistance given by older friends, are carrying on to help and protect the poor little orphan, destitute, and neglected children about us,—those who have no kind fathers and mothers to love and care for them; no homes to shelter them when the cold, stormy night comes on; no food to satisfy their hunger; no clothes to cover them, nor any of the comforts which you enjoy; and, what is worst of all, who, if you or others do not help them, will be led into evil ways, fill our houses of correction and penitentiaries, and then be found in our jails and prisons.

All these little ones are *God's children*, and of course our brothers and sisters. They have the same yearning for a parent's love and care that you have, and feel as grateful for the kindness shown them; and you know that it is our Father's wish that not one of these little ones should perish.

HOW IT CAME TO BE.

Some years ago, a little girl in one of our Sunday-schools, whose heart was touched by the sad story of the dangers and sufferings of these children, said to her father, "Can't we children do something to help these poor little ones?" The good father caught the idea at once, consulted with others interested in the work, and from the thought of this little child they formed this institution. Their plan was to interest the children of our societies and Sunday-schools in this beautiful charity, and to induce them to give some of their own money from time to time to support a Mission to these poor, suffering and neglected little ones; so that those who had no parents, or who had been deserted by parents worse than none, might be placed in good homes, where good friends would be fathers and mothers to them, and bring them up to be good men and women; and that others, who had homes, but who were going astray, might be taken away from their bad companions, and placed in schools where they would be taught, and brought under good influences.

These good men remembered the saying that *He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord*, and the promise that the Lord would repay him again. They knew, too, that *the Lord pays promptly*; and therefore

you can see that they had *two* objects in mind,—one to have the Lord's poor little children well cared for, and the other to give you the pleasure of doing it, and the happiness of receiving the promised reward.

HOW IT IS SUPPORTED.

Well, in 1849, the children began to send in their pennies and dimes and quarters, and the older persons helped a little,—and so the work commenced. Mr. Joseph E. Barry was employed as their missionary, and went about the city, doing all in his power to persuade children to attend the day and Sunday-schools; teaching some himself, and procuring for the orphans and homeless good and happy homes in various parts of the country. The work went on increasing from year to year; and, as it increased, other missionaries were employed. The Sunday-school children contributed much of the money,—their elders helping, and thus enabling the children to enlarge the work,—until, in 1865, our friends, seeing what a great and important object it was they were engaged in, made a great exertion, and gave the Mission the money required to build the Chapel and Home seen in the picture, and here the work of the Mission is carried on.

THE MISSION HOUSE.

Here we have a *real home*. It is under the care of a good mother, whom we call the *Matron*. When you come to see the Mission,—which you all must do when you can, because it is *yours*, you know,—ask for *Mrs. Brown*, and she will be glad to show you her little family. This family varies in number from week to week; sometimes being as small as *twenty*, and sometimes as large as *forty*, but numbering in the course

of the year two hundred or more. Among them are some of the dearest little children that you ever saw,—just as pretty when they are tucked up in their little beds at night, just as loving when they put their little arms around you, as any that you ever saw in your own homes. These are the children that grow up into drunkards and thieves and murderers, and fill our prisons, if they are not taken from their wicked surroundings and the temptations which beset them, by your Mission or by other good friends. But they are also the children who grow to be happy and good boys and girls, good men and women, as good and worthy as you can see anywhere, if they are cared for as they can be by the Mission, if you help as you have done.

WHAT IT HAS DONE.

Can you believe that more than *six thousand* boys and girls have been under your care in this Mission since it commenced? It is true, though, and most of them have become good men and women. Some of the boys are clergymen, some physicians, lawyers, merchants, and farmers; and they are scattered all over our country, doing good in their various ways. Many of the girls, too, are now good wives and mothers, most of them doing their part of the good work in the world. *That these boys and girls are now good men and women, instead of being paupers and criminals, is owing to what you and others have done for them through the Children's Mission.*

You would like very much to hear some of the stories that we can tell you about these children; but it would require too much space to do it here. In other numbers of the "*Dayspring*," if Mr. Piper will permit, you shall have some very interesting reports of them.

WHAT IT ASKS YOU TO DO.

Now that you have been told about the Mission, what it is and what it has done and is doing, would you not be glad to know how you can help it? Perhaps some of you who will see this have never given your pennies to help the Mission, and would like to do so, and those of you who have would like to do more. In some Sunday-schools the children make a *penny contribution*. Each class makes some one of its members, or its teacher, the *treasurer*, who keeps a little box, and every Sunday each child drops in a penny, or more, if any one *pleases to do so*; and at the end of every month the box is opened, and the money given to the Superintendent, who, at the end of the year, or oftener if he pleases, sends it to Mr. Henry Pickering, No. 131 Milk Street, Boston, the Treasurer of the Mission. Every month or so Mr. Pickering prints in the Christian Register an account of the money that he receives; and every year, in the Annual Report, he tells you how much each Sunday-school has given. We should like to have every one of our Sunday-schools commence now upon this plan, unless they have a better one; and to have every child contribute a penny or more every week, and thus feel that he or she is *one of our helpers*. We have had some pretty little boxes made for this purpose, which we call *Children's Mission Mite Boxes*, and will send a sufficient number to any Sunday-school that will use them; or if any child who reads this would like to have one to keep at home and drop pennies into it now and then for the Mission, and will write for it to the Superintendent, Mr. William Crosby, he will gladly send it.

Now children, is not this a great and good work, and will you not every one do what you can to help it on? C.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

- I am composed of thirty-two letters.
 My 17, 22, 6, 22, 5, 27, was a prophetic.
 My 2, 20, 13, 16, 25, was a wicked king mentioned in the New Testament.
 My 6, 4, 1, 2, is one of the books of the Old Testament.
 My 12, 32, 5, 17, was the first man.
 My 11, 22, 15, was timber used in Solomon's Temple.
 My 14, 12, 22, 18, 19, is a spiritual gift mentioned by Paul.
 My 24, 26, 17, 31, 6, 13, 12, 2, was a wicked city destroyed by fire.
 My 30, 8, 5, 10, is a small insect mentioned in the Bible.
 Christ said, "If thy 29, 28, 3, 7, offend thee, cut it off."
 My 21, 22, 25, 6, 9, 23, was the name of a brook.
 My whole is what Christ said to a certain scribe.

L. C. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

"Why callest thou me good?"

HIDDEN RIVERS.

James. Red. Indus. Don. Po.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Ca M el
 Bl I nd
 Ab R am
 An I se
 Br A ss
 Si M on

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